Durkheim House. Babs said she found their co-dependency oppressive. It was one of the reasons why she left head office. I experienced it during the wake. Two land-rovers pulled up at the curb. In the office they appeared to be reading a dialogue from an old script they knew by heart. Harriet couldn't believe it. Adam! By his own hand. He was always so cheerful. Yes, Queenie gushed. He was charming. The manager sat between them trying to look sad.

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Babs should have relieved me at a quarter to. Instead of apologizing she went straight to the schedule that the manager had taped to the cupboard above the computer. She squealed that she didn't have enough hours. She needed more. Then she immediately calmed down. She'd talk to Harriet. She'd make it right.

Then she lowered her immense bulk into Adam's chair beside the computer. I began shift change. At almost every name, she said that tenant shouldn't even be here. That one wasn't truly mentally ill. That one was developmentally delayed. That one had a drug problem. That one was an alky. She was trying to show me what a great case worker she was. I was impressed. Caspar said she shouldn't criticize. Her features were distinctly Mongoloid. She had Down's Syndrome. She shouldn't have been there either.